

bravely endured, the city had learned to know and to love its saint, and her friends were almost beyond counting. One of them, a young engineer, brought one day a bit of the woods he had dug up for her—tangled moss and ferns and vines. She had them planted in a soup plate and put upon a bracket at the foot of her bed, and as she watched from day to day, a deep longing came to her to be once more out in the wild sweet greenness—she was so tired of her couch! Then came the memory of that room seen years before and the faces of the workers there. If she could not go, there were others who could. And so she planned Rest Cottage for the working girls.

Her friends helped her. One hundred and ten of them gave money and time and service; and finally the little holiday home was ready.

What a blessing it gave that very first summer! It was so crowded that they soon saw that a larger room must be found, and this was done in 1891. Then came to Jennie Cassedy her deepest thought—she must go to her girls. How could she win them for Christ unless she could be among them and take their hands and learn their sorrows and help them? And yet, how could she go when the least movement of her couch sent thrills of pain through her poor tortured body?

But the city loved her, and the city would find a way if it was possible. It was a band of young mechanics who solved the problem—they would carry her the whole distance on a cot. It was twenty miles, but what were twenty miles to loving hearts?

Every one wanted to help. A dealer made a cot with long handles, trained nurses asked permission to go as escorts, the street railway offered a platform car and the railway an open one; and so she went, supported by the arms of men stepping four and four, held up all the way that the jarring of the car might not injure her.

For two summers she went and came the same way, and then—those who loved her so, rejoiced, though their hearts were aching sorely. They missed her so!

But the beautiful work still goes on, for, thank God, no such life can ever die out of the world it has blessed. The friends who had best known her heart's desire wanted to buy a home instead of renting year by year as they had to do, and knowing this, some gentlemen offered to give the final twenty-five hundred dollars for its purchase if the rest was raised. A few working girls heard of it, and out of their slender purses began a fund: others followed their example, and every mail brought something, if only as in one instance a quarter from "A hard-worked girl." And finally, June 9, 1897, the Jennie Cassedy Rest Cottage at Pewee Valley, Ky., was dedicated.

It is but a bit of the story that is briefly retold here from the "International Messenger," but a girl who has heard wanted others to know. In her room she has these verses, which Jennie Casseday herself has had

printed upon banners for every room of her cottage. Not every one understood, but to the girl, behind the solemn words lives the thought of a beautiful life preaching a sermon she can never forget. And because some other girl may want them, the verses are given here:

"In this room be nothing thought
Which Jesus may not share;
Never may a word be penned
But with the Spirit's care.

In this room be nothing done
That pure eyes may not view;
Never here be uttered word
Except the pure and true,

In this room may those abide
Unto my Saviour dear;
And may he give all joy and peace
To those who tarry here."

—Forward.

The Christian Life

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS

THE PROPHETS—ZEPHANIAH—NO. I

I. Biography

1. All we know is contained in verse 1. Probably great-grandson of King Hezekiah.

II. Time of Prophecy

1. Reign of Josiah. About 630 B. C.
2. Conditions of the time are seen by reading 2 Kings 22 and 23: 1-30 and 2 Chron. 34 and 35.

III. Exposition of Texts and Words

1. "Chemarims" ch. 1: 4 means idolatrous priests. See 2 Kings 23: 5 margin.
2. "Malchom" ch. 1: 5, is the god of the Ammonites. 1 Kings 11: 33.
3. "All those that leap on the threshold," ch. 1: 9 are some times interpreted to mean the worshippers of the god Dagon which feel over as recorded in 1 Sam. 5: 5, who never would step on that threshold. But others think the reference is to thieves and robbers.
4. "Maktesh," ch. 1: 11, is by some made to mean a portion of Jerusalem called "The Mortar" or else the valley of the Kidron.
5. "Her judges are evening wolves," ch. 3: 3 refers to the rapacity and cruelty of those officials by metaphorically speaking of them as "evening wolves," who with cruel delay reserve their lacerated victims in pain and suffering till the next day before they wholly devour them.

J. L. GILLIN.

How We Know God

Many people say they know God in nature. They see Him in the lofty trees or in the beauty of the flowers. Others find God in His word. Every gracious invitation is His voice of love, and in the thunders of His law they feel His majesty.

But we believe there is another and more certain way by which we may know God. There come times in most of our lives when nothing but God will do. I do not mean by this times of great affliction or trouble; but times, when, as it were, the scales fall from

our eyes; when these things that we see, handle, and love so well, look to us as they really are, only transitory, constantly passing away, and we say as did Solomon, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Then our hearts cry out for the living God, we want our feet on the Rock of Ages. God hears our cry, and comes so close that a great awe and hush falls upon us. It is Immanuel, God with us, and we think of Abraham, when God talked with him beside the tent door. And for a short time, at least, we live the life eternal. Nothing in such hours could shake our faith in a living, personal God.

But alas, we come down from the mount and are soon absorbed again in the busy cares and pleasures of this life. Yet the memory of such hours abides with us, and is a safeguard in times of doubt or temptation. And so we believe God in this way gives to His children the truest revelation of Himself.

"If a man love Me, he will keep My words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—*The Evangelist*.

The Dignity of Life

How trivial seem the circumstances that sometimes unexpectedly come to us, and give, under the providence of God, direction and impulse to our lives! Truly we "live and move and have our being" in God. The slightest change in our human relations, the falling of an autumnal leaf, the shadows lengthening around us at eventide, the pale, sad face of the sufferer whom we casually meet by the way—these, with ten thousand other incidents in life, are profoundly significant. God watches every one of them. Intent upon our highest good, He approaches us and influences us by the smallest events; nothing is overlooked by Him. His ordering of our minutest affairs is always in love. And these slight variations in our human lives, so insignificant—less visible in their effects than the unobserved ripple that breaks upon the shore—are suddenly invested with wondrous meaning when we rightly view them. These variations are made, in the divine thought, the connecting links through which our whole subsequent life becomes resplendent.

Trivial circumstances! Say not this. When we rise to the real dignity of living, nothing seems to us more erroneous than such a view. God is not in the greater, if He be not in the lesser, incidents of our lives. He who is "above all, and through all, and in you all," does not ask us to give Him our finite measurements of events or their issues. Our estimates are necessarily valueless, because we are incapable of judging, both as to the special work He has for us in this life, and as to the peculiar circumstances which will aid us in accomplishing our mission. The hallowed meaning of our own providential career eternity alone will fully disclose. So it is everywhere and with us all. O! such an investiture of our per-